**On Wednesdays We Wear Jammies**

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# On Wednesdays We Wear Jammies

by Ryumako

Summary

Ryuko and Mako sit down in their pajamas to watch Mean Girls, a movie Ryuko hadn't ever seen. However, Mako does things that prove to be more than a little distracting. Thank goodness for the rewind button.

“You’ve seriously never seen *Mean Girls*?!” Mako asked in disbelief, popping the aforementioned movie into the DVD player.

“Nope,” Ryuko answered, getting comfortable on the couch. “Why, should I have? Is it popular?”

“I guess you could say that.” She picked up the remote and plopped down next to her. “It’s just one of those movies *everyone* has seen.” Ryuko was sitting up -she snuggled up next to her side.

She shrugged, pulling the shorter girl closer. “Well then, good thing I get to see it now…in my favorite company.” She kissed her forehead sweetly.

“If you keep that up, I can’t say we’ll be watching it much at all,” Mako giggled, wrapping her arm around her waist. She pressed the play button on the remote and the opening credits on the film began appearing on the screen.

“You know,” Mako began. “As much as I’m glad we were able to buy you new clothes, I really did like how you looked in my hand-me-down pajamas, Ryuko-chan.”

“Ah, are you kidding?” Ryuko smiled. “Nothing beats a pair of comfy flannel pajama pants like these. Especially ones that actually fit.”

“Whatever,” She scoffed playfully. “You look good all the time, anyway.”

“If you say so…oh look, the movie’s starting,” Ryuko distracted her; she had been blushing. Mako cast her attention back to the screen, snuggling even closer to the taller girl, who was sitting up with her bare feet propped against the coffee table. She herself was wearing her old, cozy nightgown.

As the movie went through the first couple of scenes, Ryuko found herself chuckling at the various jabs and teenage-centered humor. Mako had had her head leaned against her, making her able to feel the laughter erupt throughout her body. She smiled; each time she not only heard, but also felt, the quiet laughter from her favorite person in the world, it made her heart swell. Ryuko’s laugh was golden.

She moved her hand from her own lap onto Ryuko’s right knee, lovingly rubbing her kneecap with her thumb. Ryuko’s heart pumped heavier just at this having been distracted by the movie, and she moved her own hand to cover hers, squeezing it endearingly.

Movie scenes continued to change and the two girls simply enjoyed the atmosphere and each other’s presence. Ryuko became increasingly engrossed in the plotline of the movie as it wore on: whose side was Cady really on? She had to know. She didn’t even notice when she had removed her hand from Mako’s and began biting her nails.

Mako noticed these mindless actions of hers and was rightfully amused. With her hand, which had remained on her leg, she began rubbing her. She deliberately made her actions noticeable above the fabric of her oh-so-comfy pajama pants. She slowly traveled up to her

thigh; it wasn't until she had moved to rub her inner thigh that Ryuko had actually noticed, in spite of the movie she had been so focused on.

"Mako, what're you doing?" She asked, even though she knew.

"Oh, nothing," She said innocently, nudging Ryuko's shoulder with her head. "Ryuko-chan, this is a good part!"

And just like that, Ryuko's attention was back at the screen for the most part. Mako hadn't moved her hand up any further, but she had snuggled herself close enough to position her lips at the crook of Ryuko's neck, where she kissed daringly. Aside from shifting slightly in favor of her actions, Ryuko didn't visibly react.

Mako continued to kiss her, leaning into her considerably. Her hand had traveled to the top of Ryuko's thigh, where she continued to caress her skin through her clothes. Ryuko was now only trying in vain to pay attention to the screen, finding it increasingly difficult as Mako's hand moved painstakingly slow, closer to where she wanted it. However, the second her tongue made contact with the skin of her neck, she couldn't help but let out a somewhat modest sigh of pleasure.

Mako's hand finally inched its way over her need, albeit over her clothes. She rubbed her lightly over her pajama pants, causing her to squirm a bit and spread her legs apart just a little bit more, her feet separating a little further on the coffee table.

Mako didn't waste much time doing this; she snaked her hand under her pajamas, but not her panties. Ryuko bent her head to the side a bit in a sort of pleasured weariness, and she took the opportunity to plant kisses around her strong jaw line.

"Mako…" She breathed.

"Ryuko-chan," She whispered back near her ear. Her fingers were still working against the thin fabric covering her sex. "You're really wet." She kissed her on the cheek.

"Well, yeah…"

"It's so good," She said quietly, finally slipping her hand under her panties. She spread her lips with her pinky and index finger, and then accessed her wetness with her middle and ring finger. "Ryuko-chan…" It always fascinated Mako just how aroused she could make Ryuko with having done so little to her.

"*Fuck*," Ryuko husked as she prodded at her entrance. Mako then slipped her middle finger into her, her ring finger quickly following suit. She began thrusting them in and out, her hand moving visibly in the front of her pants, the sound of her slickness audible even over the television. Ryuko groaned, and then with the arm that wasn't around her girlfriend, audaciously grabbed the shorter girl's face, brought it to her own, and then kissed her, wasting no time in rolling her tongue into her mouth. This time, it was Mako who moaned.

Ryuko was making out with her rather aggressively, her tongue sliding feverishly against, around, and underneath Mako's as she felt her fingers pump in and out of her. She whimpered

quietly and ran her own fingers through Mako's hair, holding her head there with such intensity that it seemed as though if she didn't somehow, Mako would cease her actions. However, when Mako's fingers pulled out and moved up to rub against her clit, she relinquished her grip and pulled back, moaning in pleasure. Mako absolutely loved it, especially when Ryuko's voice reached *that* octave.

"Mako, *yes*…" She said softly. Her thigh muscles were twitching, indicative of the bliss coursing through her. Mako sped up her rubbing, focusing on nothing but her clit, not missing a beat. Ryuko then came with something like a whine, curling her toes, arching her back a bit off of the couch, but she had kept fingering her until she was sure her climax had ended.

"Ryuko-chan, you're so sexy when you cum," She told her. Ryuko was still coming down from the high, breathing like a fish out of water. Mako, however, pulled her hand out of her pants and then inspected her own fingers: sticky, with strings of Ryuko's arousal draped between her digits. While Ryuko still hadn't regained mental clarity, Mako lifted the skirt of her own nightgown and then slid the same hand into her own panties.

Mako's subsequent pleasured moaning was what brought Ryuko out of her haze. She looked down at Mako to see her not-so-subtly touching herself. It took no time for Ryuko to discover that she was using the same hand she had been fingering her with only moments ago.

"Mako, oh god…"

Between gasps, Mako hummed, "It feels so good…"

"Mako, I can…" She swallowed. "I can do that for you, you know."

This time, Mako didn't respond outright: she simply continued to touch herself. Ryuko looked down to see her hand speed up, and then looked up at her face to see her expression change accordingly; her eyebrows drew together, cheeks flushed. She had bitten her lip, maybe to prevent herself from making noise.

Ryuko had never seen her do this, and while she was rather intrigued, she also found herself getting real hot, real quick. She figured she had two choices in handling this situation: continue watching the movie she had been distracted from and let her finish, or just to begin masturbating herself. After carefully considering both options, she chose a more bold, third option. She adjusted herself on the couch to face her (an action to which Mako paid no mind), and then grabbed her wrist and pulled her hand from her panties.

"Ryuko-chan! I was just about to cum…" Mako pouted.

"I know," was all she said before she raised the girl's hand to eye-level, and then proceeded to lick both of their juices off of her digits, starting with her index finger. She fully inserted each finger into her warm mouth, not breaking eye contact for a second.

"Oh…" Mako said quietly, watching Ryuko's actions with great fascination. Ryuko had never done something so…deliberately naughty.

As she finished, she spoke, “You were doing something new, so I did something new.” She stated. “Now, let’s do something not-so-new.”

With that, she hooked her fingers around the edges of Mako’s panties and began tugging them down her legs. Mako willingly abided and scooted back on the couch in order to have more room and get her underwear all the way off. Ryuko discarded the panties on the floor next to the couch and then followed her movements, hovering above her eagerly.

“I love you so much,” She spoke down at her with distinguishable affection. “Mako.”

Mako felt her heart speed up as Ryuko lowered herself between her legs, lifting up the skirt of her nightgown to make sure it wasn’t in the way. She watched her movements, nibbling on her fingernails in anticipation of what she was to do next. Ryuko wasted no time in sliding her tongue between her drenched folds. She began lapping away at her lovingly, her eyes closed passionately.

Mako gasped and threw her head back against the armrest. She had already been close before, so now every swipe of Ryuko’s tongue brought her so much closer to the edge due to her heightened sensitivity. Her breathing had become labored, with only quick air intakes. Her hand subconsciously traveled from a fixed position on the couch, to woven in Ryuko’s hair, brushing her bangs back in the process. Ryuko didn’t mind one bit.

“Ryuko,” Mako panted, completely out of breath. Ryuko opened her eyes and looked up at her, still licking at her. Mako was gazing down at her with a hint of desperation in her eyes, her mouth slightly agape, and a fevered blush adorning her cheeks. Ryuko kept her eyes trained on her as she experimentally pressed her tongue against her clit and then simply added pressure. She watched her mouth opened wider as she emitted a high squeak that evolved into a loud moan, her grip on her hair becoming dangerously tight.

“R-Ryuko-chan!” Mako huffed as she finally came. Ryuko rose from her sex wearing a dopey smile, her hair all messed up.

“You’re so cute, Mako.” She sat up on her knees.

“You should look at yourself!” She commented, stabilizing her breathing. Ryuko offered her hand and pulled Mako into a sitting-up position as well. “Hand me my panties.”

Ryuko nodded, bending over the edge of the couch to reach them. As she rose back up, she suddenly remembered the movie they had been watching.

“Oi, we missed the movie!” She said, handing Mako her underwear.

“Nuh-uh! This is the ending.”

“But I don’t know what’s going on…”

“-*I guess it’s because I’ve got a big* lesbian *crush on you! Suck on* that!” Janis said on the television at that moment, causing both girls to burst into a fit of giggles.

Ryuko wiped a laughter-induced tear from her eye that had begun to form. “I guess we could just rewind it.”

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